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BULLETIN
OF THE AMERICAN ART-UNION.

New-York, May 1, 1851.

TWENTY-SIXTH EXHIBITION OF THE NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN.

A curious subject of investigation, and one which has never been fully examined, is the History of American Art. One reason of this neglect is the inferior position which this interest has hitherto occupied, among the great social and political questions of the country. It is beginning now to assume a more prominent place, and this, united to the facility with which the main facts bearing upon it may still be collected, should induce some competent person to make it an object of literary research.

The most important part of such an inquiry would relate to the peculiar influences that have given to American Art its present character and position. Undoubtedly the strongest and most comprehensive of these influences, is our complete isolation from the Art of the old world. So great have been the improvements in ocean-travelling, that we are inclined to forget the vast separation which still exists, in art-matters, between the two continents. That power which transports a commercial traveller in ten days from New-York to London, and brings foreign prints, statuettes, bronzes, illustrated books and newspapers to our drawing-rooms, while they are still the freshest novelties of Paris or Munich; that Genius of fire which, like the Genius of the Lamp, bears in his strong arms, with magical celerity, whatever distant objects we desire to possess, has only, as yet, borne hither the most meagre and scanty specimens of the true art-treasures of the world. While in literature our communication with Europe is nearly as intimate as if we were only separated by a river, instead of three thousand miles of ocean, in Art, comparatively speaking, it is scarcely more frequent than it was half a century ago. When Macaulay writes a volume of his history, it is in the hands of tens of thousands of American readers before it is dry from the press of the London printer: but let Kaulbach paint the Destruction of Jerusalem, or Rauch erect a statue of the Great Frederick, and not a hundred of our twenty-four millions of people will see either work in the course of a year; and even if pictures and statues might be transported, it would be beyond the power of Cunard or Collins to bring hither the streets, and palaces, and churches—the architectural glories and associations of the old world. We remember to have been told in Venice, that a palace there was once purchased by an Englishman, and taken away piecemeal, to be set up in his park at home. But we can anticipate no such general deportation of the "stones of Venice" to our shores. We must be content with prints after Canaletto and Turner, and essays by Ruskin, or look to other sources for the inspiration of our architects. Not only are we completely shut out, as we have said, from the Art-world of Europe—that glorious assemblage of objects which, when we contemplate them thus joined and constellated, make us almost regret our lot on this side of the Atlantic—not only are we deprived of those silent instructors which constantly and powerfully influence the development of Art abroad, but we have scarcely any thing here to supply this loss; not even the more immediate and direct sources of instruction—properly organized schools, with all the appliances of museums, ateliers, models, and professors. Our painters and sculptors are, comparatively speaking, self-taught. Each one pursues his studies by himself. There are few master-minds in the profession— commanding geniuses that draw after them their separate retinues of followers—whose opinions are regarded as laws from which there are no appeals.

This want of systematic and laborious study, under competent teachers, is another most important element among the influences that have fashioned the present condition of American Art. Numbers of our painters begin their studies in the wood and wilderness, where even the itinerant portrait-taker or daguerreotypist never penetrates. The effect of this complete want of teachers and models is conspicuously shown in the lumber-room of the Art-Union, in which the pictures rejected by the managers are temporarily stored. Works are frequently found there that have evidently been produced by minds upon which the faintest rays of European Art have never fallen, either from original sources, or transmitted through our own painters;—works which carry one back to the days of Giotto and Cimabue, when the technical part was still in its infancy, and the laws of chiaro-scuro and perspective most imperfectly understood.*

But while, as we have said, there is between the people of America and the Art-world of Europe a wide separation that modern science can only abridge to a limited extent, our artists still have the privilege of going to Düsseldorf, and Rome, and Munich, and Paris; and they are going thither in large numbers. The mode in which this foreign study has influenced them should form another important part of the inquiry we have suggested. That it has influenced them to an extraordinary degree, and sometimes for the worse, is sufficiently evident. It has, in many cases, so interpenetrated American Art, and changed its essential character, that it should no longer be called American. However admirable may be its productions under such circumstances, this excellence is not attributable to any home influences, nor have we the right to take any particular pride in it. It is not the result of our training and our institutions, but the legitimate fruit of the schools and skies of other nations. In this view of the case, ought we to boast of having produced a West, or a Copley, or several other distinguished men? Does the mere fact that they first saw the light on our soil entitle us to glorify ourselves in their success? It is the actual, and not the apparent genesis of artistic talent that establishes its pedigree. The civil law rule, *Pater est quem nuptiæ demonstrant*, will not hold good in cases like this: the question is not to which nation the artist owes allegiance, but which is it that, by its natural scenery, its institutions, its manners, customs and laws, have developed and strengthened the talent that we admire.

We are naturally an imitative people and easily impressed by external influences. Where Englishmen and Frenchmen would preserve their peculiarities unchanged, we adapt ourselves to the habits of those about us. As we acquire foreign languages and fashions with more facility, perhaps, than any other people, excepting the Russians, so do our artists easily assume the style of any particular master or school they may admire. Having been always unshackled by rules or precedents, they feel themselves at liberty to adopt any new manner. They attempt it at once with a boldness that surprises the orderly European; and send home from Rome and Paris works whose paternity would not be recognized by their most intimate acquaintances. This same versatility and impressibleness cause also any good foreign work which may happen now and then to arrive here, to produce a surprising influence upon the style of our painters who remain at home. The large marine picture by Achenbach, which was exhibited year before last in New York, had an undoubted effect upon many easels. So also have several works in Mr. Boker's gallery. We know of one clever landscape painter who exhibits this susceptibility to such a degree, that his successive productions afford a curious study. He is a perfect chameleon, taking the exact color of what he touches. He is at home in every style, showing us one year the reddish seacoast of Achenbach, and at another, the distant sunshine of Constable. No difficulties disconcert him. He changes himself for the time into the master he admires, and let who will be the principal performer in the ring, this Harlequin straightway jumps into it head over heels after him, and seems to be his very double and counterpart.

Another most important influence upon the development of art in America, is that occasioned by the want of a picturesque past history, to which we may add, in this connection, the want of the picturesque in the costume, manners, and habitations of our people. We know that the contrary opinion is most popular, but we have certainly failed ourselves to discover this element to the extent that is desired. After taking out the Indians and the Puritans, what is there left besides the contentions of deliberative assemblies and the mathematical evolutions of the wars with Great Britain and Mexico? And whenever an artist chooses his subject in the history of the Old World, how manifold and vexatious are the difficulties he must encounter! Living in a land where neither tradition, nor architecture, nor museums, nor models, nor any outward associations and appliances assist his conception and development of the subject, he is obliged to

* It seems that the whole chronology of Art, so far as the technical part is concerned, might be illustrated by the pictures sent to the Art Union for purchase. Nearly every stage of ignorance and knowledge is represented. But there is a naïve freshness about these specimens that renders them more interesting than a European collection would be, if formed in a similar manner. There, one might perhaps see dim and beclouded reflections from the style of some great genius, clothing paltry or worn-out ideas; here, on the contrary, are many original and poetical thoughts, although they are grotesquely and inartificially expressed.

build his structure in the thin regions of imagination, and abstract himself entirely from the actual and the tangible. Is it strange that such difficulties should repel him from the frequent attempt of similar subjects, especially when the demand for the larger works in this department is so limited? There is no call here for church pictures, as there is in some European countries, nor have artists as yet been asked to decorate public halls and galleries with historical compositions. The absence of this species of encouragement should also be taken into account in any estimate of the influences that have given to American art its present position and character.

In the department of *genre*, although in our opinion there are many themes and characters of great interest still untouched, every-day life in America has always been unpictorial, partly from the newness and rawness of its appliances, and partly from the melancholy character of its pursuits. That charm which the softening touch of time lends to the most ungainly structure, and those gay costumes and festive gatherings in which people of more lively temperaments indulge, are rarely to be found among us. Subjects of this character for the pencil are not scattered along the way-side as they are in Europe —they must be laboriously sought out and studied.

There are many other circumstances that might be mentioned that have influenced the choice of subjects and the mode of treatment by American artists. These introductory remarks, however, are sufficient for our present purpose. They explain, we think, certain peculiarities which mark to a greater or less degree every exhibition of the National Academy of Design, and none more than that of the present year. The limited and unpicturesque character of American History, while that of foreign nations is uncongenial and remote,—the scanty supply of *material* for pictures of this class, and the general neglect of the study of form, are among the reasons why the higher departments of art are relinquished for landscape and portraiture, the opportunities for practising which are so much more abundant and agreeable. The want of schools of design, and of that severe discipline which chains for years the student down to the most exact and careful drawing from the model, prevent an attention to form and to nice finish, and at the same time afford play for researches and experiments in color, success in which seems to depend less upon instruction than natural constitution. The absence of all method, the freedom from precedent and authority, give boldness of aim, freshness of style, and variety of treatment, while recollections of Rome, and Düsseldorf, and the occasional study of striking works imported from abroad, introduce another element into the display, and tend to confuse still more the mind of the uninitiated observer.

We intend to notice in a desultory manner several of the works in the present exhibition, which by a sort of magnetism have most strongly attracted us; thinking this arrangement of our remarks, if not so methodical, will be more natural, and quite as interesting to our readers. We hope to be able to give another notice next month, in which it is by no means certain we may not include pictures that deserve prior attention. We beg our readers to understand that our notices will not be arranged strictly in the order of merit of the works mentioned.

Let us glance first, however, at the general *complexion*, so to speak, of the Gallery. How many and how curious are the agencies that affect the earliest impressions of the visitor, as he looks around before he opens his catalogue! What an important task it is—this hanging together pictures of different manners, tones, spaces of light, sentiments, and views of nature, so as to produce agreeable transitions, and the perfect *ensemble* of a well arranged bouquet! What a difficult matter—this separation of works, which, by their juxtaposition, would enhance each other's defects; this seeking out of key-stone pictures, as they may be called, that from their intensity, fulness, and surface, govern, in a measure, the entire field of the eye, and complete the equilibrium of the whole side of a gallery! If these questions are interesting to a visitor, how much more to an artist? We often hear of a painter being worked up to the utmost tension of anxiety, when he first sees on varnishing-day his canvas on the wall fairly withered by some imaginary frostiness, or other apparitional peculiarity, and who at once sets himself to the task of tuning it to "concert pitch." His picture has its particular tendencies fearfully exaggerated. The touchstone is there; its own inherent qualities, and its relation to the whole are brought to a most trying ordeal, so that he is sometimes forced to change its entire character, at the last moment. It is said that Turner has painted a good part of his picture on the wall on the day before the opening of the Royal Academy Exhibition.

In this matter of general tone and complexion, our exhibitions always compare very favorably with those of foreign countries. We remember our impressions of that of the English Royal Academy, and the clamorous vehemence of color with which every man in that crowded arena strove to stand out in advance of his fellows, like the members of an ill-arranged orchestra. On the other hand, in the German Exhibition, of which the Düsseldorf is a specimen, a heaviness and leadiness pervade the general tone. Our artists, with all their want of precision and exactness, show a freshness and healthy ripeness of color in their works which make up for a multitude of defects. If there be any fault from which we may boast a fair exemption, it is from that sullen turbidness which sacrifices all freshness and purity of tone to a sense of finish. We found some of our best hopes for the future of American Art upon its possession of this most desirable quality.

There is one highly gratifying feature in the present Exhibition of the Academy:—the improvement it indicates is general, and not confined to particular classes of works. The more intimate union between the artists of the new and the old school that has characterized the past year, seems to have added to the vitality and force of their productions. There is the same absence of loftiness of aim and of high imaginative power that we had occasion to lament last year, but more strength of wing, a better sustained flight in those lower skies to which our artists have restrained their efforts.

Two distinguished exceptions to this charge of neglecting the higher walks of art, are Mr. ROSSITER's allegorical picture, and Mr. ROTHERMEL's *Defence of Toleration*. The first of these, by its size, color, and striking chiaro-scuro, challenges, before all other works in the large saloon, the early attention of the visitor. It represents the three ideals or types of Human Beauty; the Moral, the Intellectual, and the Physical, illustrated by a group of three female figures. Of these, the symbol of Moral Beauty occupies the central post of honor. She is simply clothed in white, holding a dove, the emblem of purity, to her breast. Her countenance is the best instance of the artist's inventive power that we have seen. The light is focussed at this point, and streams from it upon the figures of the sister types on either side. Of these the intellectual lady is enthroned amidst the emblems of thought and learning, while the Genius of Corporeal Beauty stands at the left of the spectator, with unveiled charms, and surrounded by all that paraphernalia of luxury that adds so much potency to her spells. A work of this sort is chiefly attractive from the opportunity it affords for conveying agreeable sensations of color, and the other resources of art, chiaro-scuro, and contour. In the present instance, it is for its success in the first of these qualities that the painting is most noteworthy, although, in all respects, it is Mr. Rossiter's best work. There are certain rich and harmonious combinations in the draperies which have been rarely equalled by any of our artists. In the treatment of light and shadow it is also remarkably attractive, and in some parts there is much strength and vigor of form. But in this last quality we could have wished, particularly in the representation of the Physical Type, that there had been as much care taken as there has been in the graduation of the light and shadow. The central figure is the most felicitously expressed of the three, not alone in point of form, but in the sentiment throughout of a pleasing gray color. The neck, as the artist is probably aware, is a little awry upon the shoulders. The largeness of the eyes in the left-hand figure, is also, perhaps, an intentional over-drawing which has been made somewhat distasteful to us by the same kind of exaggerations in "Books of Beauty," and similar works. This fault has led to an extension of the same difficulty of loose proportion throughout the figure. Again, although there is a good deal of impasting in the lights, especially in the flesh of this picture, yet in some of the subordinate parts there is a certain tricksyness—a want of solidity consequent upon much glazing over an already thinly painted surface—a kind of lacquered effect, almost inconsistent with a work otherwise so excellent. We freely mention these defects (as we consider them), feeling that Rossiter, from the high qualities he exhibits in this picture, may safely bear the most candid and severe criticism. We must also express our regret that he should have bestowed so much ability and time upon a subject of this character. In painting, as in poetry, the allegorical can never afford any lasting interest. The mythological is bad enough, but even that is far better than this—an attempt to incarnate abstract ideas. The power of Buonarotti, and the grace of Raphael, are hardly sufficient to make such efforts attractive. The beings in whose images we take pleasure, are those who have loved and hated, and through whose veins warm blood has run; and not these cold, shadowy abstractions, these creations of the rhetorician and

the moralist. Artists are too apt, in choosing a subject, to look only at its technical advantages. But it is not enough that it affords a fine play of forms, and great wealth of color, and splendor of effects. The heart and the mind must be satisfied as well as the eye, and with more solid food than painted metaphors and similes.

ROTHERMEL's picture of Earl Murray defending Mary Queen of Scots, in the exercise of her religious privileges, is another example of fine color. It is somewhat of the *tableau vivant* school, but nevertheless full of attraction in the quality we have named, and in light and shadow. It is by far the best work of the artist that we have seen. Mr. Rothermel is a fair instance of the struggle which an artist here is obliged to make with difficulties, in the treatment of an historical subject, that arise from the want of the facilities that are so abundant in Düsseldorf and Paris. He is forced to make a compromise, which necessarily involves more manner and picturesqueness than he would otherwise be willing to connect with history. There is a mannerism in this artist's productions, arising, probably, from his want of a variety of life models. This is shown in the figure of the fanatical Reformer, which reminds us strongly of the *Shylock* of last year, in the countenance of the Queen, which is duplicated exactly in the profile of the woman behind her—in the faces of the other attendant ladies, and in several other parts. We observe, also, a confusion in the architecture, and particularly in the winding staircase or gallery in the background. But these are slight faults, and we willingly pass them, to express our most hearty admiration of the picture as a whole, and our approbation of so successful an attempt in a field in which our artists generally appear to be unwilling to enter. We desire to direct the attention of visitors to the group of a woman and child in the right foreground, where is a great deal of character, united with much vigor of form and charm of color. The rush of fanatical Protestants at the left is also well given; and in fine contrast with these is the mild, subdued expression of the priest and his attendants. In general effect the picture is charming—the coloring of the foreground being rich and harmonious, and a sort of mysterious hazy illumination being thrown over the retiring planes of the work, that make it extremely grateful to the eye.

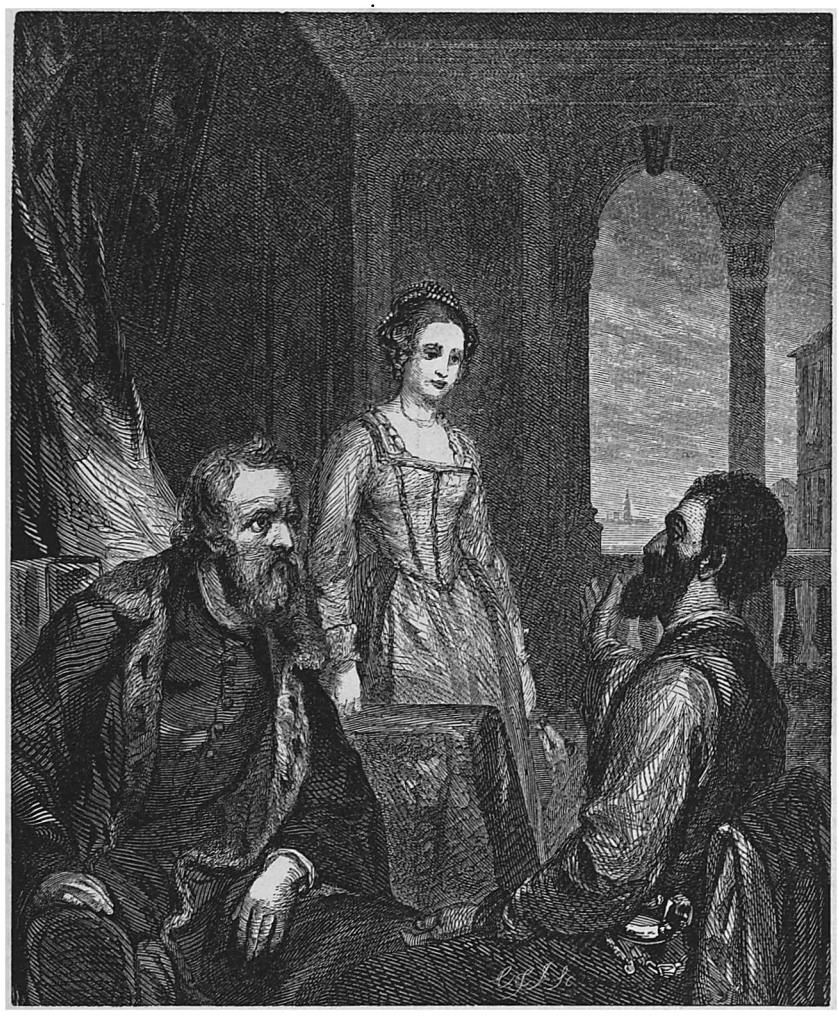
On the right of the large saloon are four clever landscapes of large size, arranged upon the line, the works of DURAND, CROPSEY, HUNTINGTON, and BOUTELLE. Of these the PRESIDENT's picture merits early and particular notice. It represents *Kaaterskill Clove*, a scene which is an especial favorite with American artists, but has never been rendered before with so much truth and beauty. Of all the productions of its accomplished author, this is the one, we think, which possesses most of the living freshness of nature. Here we see that exuberance of moss and foliage which accumulates in such unfrequented spots, that rich leafiness and interminable texture of branches—that fresh, juicy, and healthful green, that are so pleasant to the eye. This picture, full of light, and pervaded with innumerable reflections, is possessed, like nature herself, of a power to lead you into the shade of the leafy foliage, while you scarcely suspect yourself out of the clear daylight. The sky, too, is one indicating a bracing atmosphere, and we may fancy those masses of cumulus clouds, which give back the light of day in these upper regions with almost supernatural clearness, to be in motion, slow sailing behind that lofty mountain pile. It is in the distinct separation between those cloud masses and the shadowed trees, that the vigor and vital force of this landscape reside.

We may say a word here of BOUTELLE, whose work—*A Trout Stream; shower passing off*—has been placed, by the impartiality of the Committee, in the honorable juxtaposition we have mentioned above, and which it deserves, rather, perhaps, for what it promises than for what it performs. That much of it is heavy and defective, particularly in the foreground, where there is a sort of "stringy" hardness of treatment, is probably what the painter himself is fully aware of, and would gladly amend. But there is something very clever in the background, and particularly in the sky, and the whole has a life and movement which are quite attractive. We rather like Mr. Boutelle for the plasticity which he exhibits in the exercise of his art—his power of shifting his ground—of not being *floored*, because the new plan upon which he happens to paint does not exactly succeed. He tries another system with equal ardor, and acquires in these alternations considerable power over the resources of the palette.

CROPSEY and CHURCH exhibit large and conspicuous works, which show their participation in the general improvement we have mentioned. These artists, at the outset, seemed wedded to the qualities of Cole, but are laboring now in distinctly different ways. CROPSEY, like Durand, combines, in a higher degree than our artists generally, exact method, with that elastic capability that is so important to the poetical landscapist. In the mintage of his thoughts, he is elaborate in detail, and careful in process, without forgetting the importance of fine color. While Church is peculiar in the skill with which he rapidly strikes off his ideas, with the clearness of mechanism, Cropsey shows that careful regard for breadth, color, execution, and handling, that are so essential to success. We admire in *The Cove*, (No. 6,) that scene of tempest, and rocks, and shattered trees, the undeviating swiftness and power with which the torrent rushes through these images of confusion to its fall. In No. 37, which is an epitome of Italian nature, while we have a pleasing lucidity in the sky, which is beautifully luminous, especially when seen by gas light, there is too great a degree of large touch in the foreground. The green is of a sickly yellow, which is seriously enhanced by the same vegetable or herb-like green, running through the trunk of the tree. This picture, which is certainly of high merit, is surprisingly in the manner of Cole, although it does not remind us of the best things of that excellent artist. We cannot apply the same language of praise to all Cropsey's pictures in this exhibition. For instance, in *Eagle's Cliff*, (No. 24,) there is a cabbage-garden, which, notwithstanding its connection with grand things aloft, and confused, autumnal "worsted-work" around, is not the less in bad taste. The fact that Cole painted log-cabins among mountains, by no means justifies this obtrusion of the market cart in the midst of nature's grandest features. The foreground detail of vegetables should not only be pictorially, but æsthetically subordinate. They should be reduced to their proper smallness in the presence of this towering grandeur of mountain. The question is between Nature in her broad domain, and Man in his squalid kitchen-garden. These two things, this littleness in the foreground and magnificent vastness in the distance, cannot profitably possess the imagination at the same time. It is pleasing to observe, however, that this very absence of due subordination arises from an enthusiastic desire, (though a somewhat unbalanced one,) to realize truth to nature.

Mr. CHURCH is peculiar among the landscape artists in this, that his works seem to take an unusually definite form in his mind before they are realized upon his canvas. The certainty and directness of his process secure an excellence of gradation, by which, beginning at the *thin* end, (if we may so express it,) he carries his subject by careful steps to the thickening intensity of his foreground. His mode, however, is not an elastic one, and yields to few of the requirements of fancy. It brings with it a certain brittle quality and thinness in the color, which is not, in all cases, compensated by the excellence of the gradations. This carrying out an artist's perceptions to the greatest degree of definiteness, is something, perhaps, of which we ought not to complain, particularly in the early part of his career. It is in the painting of skies that Church will make for himself a name. He has chosen the pure ether for his region, and that panorama of gorgeous effects, of which the clouds and the sun are the ruling powers. His best things, in many respects, stop at the line of the horizon. The *Beacon off Mount Desert Island* is his most characteristic picture, and a charming work it is—worth almost as much in the sensations it produces, as a visit from the hot city in August to the still, cool sea-side, where, instead of the close confinement of brick walls and the little patch of blue seen between your neighbor's chimneys, the whole illimitable expanse of sky and ocean is opened to your astonished eyes. The slight bestirring of sail in the offing, the surging of the sounding sea against the base of the beacon amidst the silent twilight, while above spreads that magnificent array of glowing clouds, and in the thickening distance of the murky horizon, shine a few golden bars of light—all these are features of this work that are deeply impressive and interesting. In Mr. Church's *Deluge*, we recognize the hand of an accomplished artist, although in its finish he has given something metallic and unpleasant to the tone of color. Whether he will hereafter see any further resources in his art than simple "alla prima" painting, with slight glazing, and whether the sublimation of color of the best of Allston's works, or those of finer colorists still, will become an indispensable object of attainment with him, time alone will prove. There are numerous resources of color, which "alla prima" painting by no means exhausts; and when Mr. Church shall acquire more fulness and richness in this quality, his works will be still more meritorious and interesting.

There is but little this year in the department of *genre*. The best work is by MOUNT, and it is a thoroughly American production. While in tracing the genealogy of some of our painters, we should place Roman galleries—Düsseldorf drawing-masters—Diaz, Lessing, Couture, and numbers of others in the family tree, Mount comes down to us from an unmistakably American stock. There is not a bit of foreign idea



or foreign paint-brush in his composition. His subject is taken from a story in Franklin's works, in which a hard cunning character is placed in opposition to an ingenuous youth, entirely ignorant of the ways of the world. We understand it was the desire of the artist to paint a light picture, free from that peculiar ruddiness which has marked some of his late productions; and in this respect he has succeeded in giving an agreeable daylight gray, which, with the mellowing hand of time, will become a pleasant silver tone. The excessive height of the man in this composition is a conspicuous fault, but we will not dwell on this and some other minor defects, in view of its expression of character and feeling. which would reconcile us to far greater omissions. In the grasp of the subject, the actual creation of new characters, people who think, and feel, and have a distinct existence—this little picture exhibits Mount's great abilities; and upon the whole, there are no works in the gallery which show more genius and power in the most important departments of the painter's art.

It is time, however, to bring these rambling observations to a close for the present. We have omitted many works and many artists, some of them deserving as much attention at our hands as those we have noticed. We shall endeavor to do justice to their claims in the number for the next month. N. N.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE PRESENT NUMBER.

We give this month an etching in outline on steel, from a drawing by T. F. Hoppin, engraved by Burt, representing *Putnam narrating the capture of the wolf*. This is a well known incident in the early life of the celebrated General Putnam. It occurred in Pomfret, Connecticut. A she-wolf had greatly annoyed the inhabitants of that neighborhood, but had at last been driven into a den about ten miles distant from Mr. Putnam's residence.

"The people soon collected with dogs, guns, straw, fire. and sulphur, to attack the common enemy. With this apparatus, several unsuccessful efforts were made to force her from the den. The hounds came back badly wounded, and refused to return. The smoke of blazing straw had no effect, nor did the fumes of burnt brimstone, with which the cavern was filled compel her to quit her retirement. Mr. Putnam tried in vain to make his dog enter, and proposed to his negro man to go down into the cavern and shoot the wolf. but the negro declined the hazardous service. Then it was that the master, angry at this disappointment, and declaring that he was ashamed to have a coward in his family. resolved himself to destroy this ferocious beast. lest she should escape through some unknown fissure of the rock. He divested himself of his coat and vest and having a long rope fastened round his legs, by which he might be pulled back at a concerted signal, he entered the cave head foremost with a blazing torch in his hand. Creeping slowly on his hands and knees, he discovered at last the glaring eyeballs of the wolf, who was sitting at the extremity of the cavern. Startled at the sight of fire, she gnashed her teeth and gave a sullen growl.—He made the proper signal, and was drawn back to the open air. He now loaded his gun with seven buck shot, and holding this in one hand and a torch in the other, he descended a second time. The wolf now assumed a still more fierce appearance than before. and howling, rolling her eyes, gnashing her teeth, and dropping her head between her legs. she was evidently on the point of springing at him. At this critical instant he levelled and fired at her head. Stunned with the shot, and suffocated by the smoke, he immediately found himself drawn out of the cave, but having refreshed himself and permitted the smoke to dissipate, he went down the third time. Once more he came within sight of the wolf who apparently lay passive, he applied the torch to her nose, and perceiving her dead, he took hold of her ears, and then kicking the rope, the people above, with no small exultation, dragged them both out together."

The illustration represents Putnam, just after this last return from the den, disengaging the rope from his feet and narrating the circumstances to his companions.

One of the wood engravings is by Childs & Jocelyn, from a picture by George A. Baker, which was distributed by the Art-Union in 1849, representing *Othello narrating the story of his life*. It is but just to the artist to say that the cut gives only an imperfect idea of the expression of this picture, which gained for it at the time it was exhibited, a great deal of praise.

The other wood engraving is by J. Andrew, from a picture by J. T. Peele, illustrating the *Children in the Wood*, and included in the Distribution Catalogue of the present year. All our readers must be familiar with the fine old ballad, which gives an account of the death of the parents of these poor children, and the will by which in case of their death their property was to go to their uncle—how the latter bargains with two ruffians to take them to a wood and slay them—how one of these ruffians relents and quarrels with his hard-hearted companion, whom he kills—how he afterwards leaves the children in the wood, promising to return and bring them bread from the neighboring town:

"These pretty babes, with hand in hand,
Went wandering up and down,
But never more they saw the man
Approaching from the town.
Their pretty lips with blackberries
Were all besmeared and dyed;
And when they saw the darksome night,
They sat them down and cried.

"Thus wandered these two pretty babes
Till death did end their grief,
In one another's arms they died,
As babes wanting relief.
No burial these pretty babes
Of any man receives,
Till Robin-red-breast painfully
Did cover them with leaves"

We have been requested to give some account if the *Temple of the Sibyl*, which was the subject of one of the Illustrations of the last number. We translate a paragraph from Valery's *Voyages en Italie:*

The temple called the Sibyl's, near that of Vesta, upon the top of a rock above the fall of the Anio. which plunges with as much commotion down into the valley as in the days of Horace (*præceps Anio*), offers one of the most exquisite ruins of Art. as well as one of the most beautiful scenes of nature. The glitter of its Corinthian columns and of the foam of the water fall becomes still more brilliant in the light of the moon. This temple. as well as that of Vesta, appear to belong to the last age of the republic.